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A Song for Every Story, Part II



👁 70 ✓ 2 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

/ {All the promises I've made,
/ Just to let you down,
/ You believed in me but I'm.../
/ Broken...} /

/---"Lost in Paradise" - Evanescence---/

How can I ever live with myself again?

I let her down...she was so selfless, so caring...she was the best sister I could ever want. And I let her down.

/"Tootles, could you do something for me?"/

/"Of course, lollipop," I had choked through my tears./

/"Poppy...my wolf...please take care of her? Tell her I won't be back, but I love her and miss her? Can you do that, Kassi?"/

/"Of course I will"/

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/---One week later---/

I just couldn't get used to it. Her voice followed me everywhere. Her laugh kept ringing in my head. I would walk into the living room and see her on the couch, asleep with her wolf pup snuggled in her arms. I'd go outside and see her talking to the willow and oak in the backyard. I'd go into my room and see her bouncing on my bed, nightgown, pigtail-braids, and stuffed Baymax all accounted for. She loved her weekly "sleepover" with me.

Sometimes I just couldn't take it anymore. I'd spend hours in her room, curled up on her bed like a baby, crying so hard I couldn't breathe and wishing even harder that it had been me. I'd cry myself to sleep and see her in my dreams, happy and alive, but she never saw me.

And always, when I was crying alone, I wasn't alone. That wolf pup always found me and climbed between my legs, reaching up for my face and licking away my tears. That creature--Poppy--she was so sweet and adorable, and I hated it. Every time I saw her little canine eyes, I saw Kelsi's eyes as she gave her last request.../Poppy...please take care of her?/ Poppy always reminded me so painfully of dear little Kelsi. And one day, I couldn't take it anymore.

Poppy always followed me around, and she followed me into the woods behind our house that day. She was up to my knees but still just like a puppy. Her ears stood up straight while we walked--I had my gun, and she knew that meant hunting. I didn't even feel the least bit guilty as I set her on a false trail and put a bullet through her head. Her final yelp of shock and pain made me morbidly happy. I walked back home with my head high and full of spite.

Now Poppy, too, haunts my every step, every waking minute, every dream. I lied to father when he asked where Poppy was--I said she ran away. Now I feel horrible. I failed my sister. I'm nothing...I'm a demon...

I'm broken.

Chapter 2 by .l.a.



/The world's a gun and I've been aiming all my life

Got something to live for, I know See more of Story Wars

A war for youth

I'm taking over a shot to take

I Am Bulletproof

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I Am Bulletproof by Black Veil Brides

*

I have to run, they are right behind me. I can hear their heavy breathing and their footsteps. They will not stop, they are coming closer. Their guns loaded, their footsteps faster. But I will not stop either. I will keep going. I will overthrow them, and not let them continue to rule.

They are catching up to me. I run closer to the building. I am almost there. I don't know if I can make it. All of my energy is drained, but I must continue. I run closer and closer, then take a turn down an alley, hoping to throw them off the track while I can make an escape.

They are the government, following me not because I'm bad, but because I'm different. I knew that this government was failing. Everyone was the same in this society. No, not physically the same, but we all thought the same things, such as that the government is perfect, and that our lives are perfect.

In reality, our government is collapsing. I knew I had to do something, so I started a protest, where anyone that listened to me came to fight. Where anyone that cared came. Which was almost no one, except for me, and my best friend, Tyler. We knew we could do it, and now we were almost there.

I met him in the basement of the building, as soon as I had led the police off of my trail. He already knocked out the guards, thankfully.

I looked at him, and he looked at me. We looked at the giant machine in front of us. It whirred and hummed, while my mind whirled and hummed with excitement and fear. We got to work, turning off all of the switches, entering pass codes and being as quiet as possible.

Then, the machine stopped working with a jolt. We had won! I started crying tears of happiness. The brainwashing was over, and it was time to pull our country back together again.

Chapter 2 by Kaping Wolf

12

"If Death don't bring you fear, the See more of Story Wars bring.

Come to the nightmare.

Deep down in the dark, will

In the maw with the jaws and the razor teeth

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Where the brimstone burns and the angel weeps"

--"The Warrior Song: Hard Corps"--

by The Warrior Song Project

My life hasn't been easy. It's been an uphill battle mentally, physically, emotionally, and in many other ways. But I've pushed through all of it. My ultimate goal of becoming a United States Marine has motivated to keep going, to be the best person I can be.

I live by the values of the Marines. I want to exemplify those values, for I know that one day in the near future, I will have the title United States Marine.

It won't be easy at all, but my life has prepared me for that. I want to be an officer- an even more difficult task- but I am headed down that path, and my life has prepared me for that.

In the process of life, I've lost a large capacity for emotions and feelings. Not everything, but a good chunk. I've been to Hell and back, and I'll do it again every day if I must as a Marine.

Just a little insight into who I am as a person beyond the screen.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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[Without a soul...my spirit sleeping somewhere cold, until you find it there and lead...it...back.....home.] --"Bring Me to Life", Evanescence

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